

WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

The Pace That Kills Among American Women.

BY Harriet Hubbard Ayer



The Society Woman, the Housewife and the Business Woman Alike Break Down—Desire to Outvie Their Neighbors, Late Hours and the Increasingly Strenuous Life are the Chief Causes.

TO arrive at a goal is a fine thing. To strain every nerve while striving to reach it is very often a fatal thing and always a thing most harmful. The women of this century are making, for their various goals at the pace that inevitably kills. The society woman, the business woman, the woman who is housekeeper and housewife, each one, looking a little askance at the other, is going the self-same gait. It is always the pace that kills.

Stored up in the human system is a certain amount of nervous force. In the economy of life this plays its part even more importantly than the blood.

Yet women who swoon away at the sight of blood-drops oozing from a wound will recklessly waste the precious nerve-force over daily duties, daily pleasures, daily cares.

Women will spend hundreds of their dollars and whole years of their allotted days in seeking remedies and nostrums to keep their blood in good condition. They count an hour mispent if taken to recuperate exhausted nerves and restore a wasted energy.

They race through life at the pace that kills. Many of them are "winded" before turning the first quarter.

In one week, during the social season, the average society woman squanders vitality enough to keep her system depleted all the year. How she manages to keep up is the mystery.

But she is "in the swim," and she does not dare to sink. And the social fishes swim in "schools." It may be that they boost one another to mutual advantage, when all alike are floundering.

Look for a moment at some of the causes which contribute to break down a society woman's vitality and leave her a nervous wreck.

From the season's beginning to the season's end she lives in a whirl of excitement. Restlessness is perhaps a better term, and both restlessness and excitement are bad for any woman.

But the society woman whirls on through her round and reckons not of the consequences.

Late dinners leave her without a digestion, cocktails taken as a stimulant or corrective prove ruinous. Balls, receptions, "functions" of all sorts, strain her energies to the utmost and put tax on both body and mind. Her dress is unhygienic, her diet is unwhole-



some, while every habit of her daily thought is along lines which produce great mental excitement and provide no loopholes for required mental rest.

The costs of society are strewn thick with social wrecks. Yet each wreck was started forth as a fair woman. In business careers women wreck themselves even more hopelessly, for there is usually for them no salvage.

The business woman hurries and worries and bustles till her capacity and herself are both exhausted. She bolts her food and selects it injudiciously; she disdains fresh air and exercise, and restrains her vital organs by tight lacing. She takes nothing quietly, but flies all to pieces over everything, and literally works herself to death in her harness.

Her tired nerves rebel and utter their protest in unreasonable and frequent irritation. Their protest, unheeded, grows more and more clamorous. By and by there is constant warfare between nerves that know they ought to rest and a tired woman who thinks she must keep on defying them.

If the nerves grow silent, after long, vain attempts to gain their rights, the woman is also a silenced, worn-out creature, depleted of all natural vitality and vigor, unfitted for business or dragging along in it listlessly, a failure instead of a success.

The overworked housewife who makes her own burden, largely, is the saddest of all this long, sad line of wrecked and wasted womanhood.

It is an acknowledged fact that household system is a tyrant who rules the house-mistress arbitrarily. Not until woman rises in her womanly right against this petty tyranny will she be queen of the home, instead of a bound slave, chained to a daily domestic routine.

Cocktails and Pink Teas Wear Down the Social Leader—Amusements and Hastily Eaten Meals Wreck the Business Girl—Struggles to Keep Up Appearances Undermine the Housekeeper's Health.

Make it possible for her to feel that the universe will not overturn if the cook fails to turn up in time for an early breakfast. Let her know that her children need not naturally grow up vicious because one of them is inclined to dandle and another exhibits girlish vanity. Let her once be convinced that some detail of her useless and often foolish drudgery may be omitted to the gain in true dignity of her whole work.

Then, by slow degrees, her nerves will relax and the dead weight drop from her duties.

But if she persists in putting on the extra tuck or ruffle which will make her own child's petticoat a bit finer than her neighbor's, if in so doing she must tire her eyes and strain her nerves and fret herself into irritability; then through these and thousands of similar tasks she, too, is wrecking her womanhood.

In society, in business, in home life, the hurrying, worrying woman of to-day is the physical wreck of a few years later. And whether bent on pleasure or "a career" or home happiness, each woman who gives herself no rest is going at the pace that kills.

NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES.

It is the common belief that the north side of a street is the more desirable from a hygienic point of view, and for that reason if there is any difference in the value of property that side usually is favored. In the Medical Journal a paper by Dr. Alfred E. Twiss is printed, in which he gives the results of his investigations as to the mortality occurring on the two sides of twenty streets (from Fourteenth street to Thirty-third street, inclusive) made in 1886. The total number of deaths tabulated was 3,773 out of a total population of 170,741. The deaths on the north side of the streets were 2,104, as compared with 1,669 on the south side, and in the case of each age the northern deaths exceed the southern except in the group of sixty-five years and over, in which the southern deaths exceed the northern by twenty. The greatest excess is among children under five years, the northern deaths exceeding the southern by nearly one hundred. The males also exceed the females, and this is also more marked on the north. Out of the total 2,104 deaths on the north side, 1,185 were due to (a) constitutional diseases, chiefly tuberculosis; (b) respiratory, chiefly pneumonia; (c) syphilis, chiefly diphtheria; (d) renal, chiefly chronic nephritis. In the order named. The death rate for the north was 24.8 in a population of 86,483. On the south side out of a total of 1,669, those due to the four classes of diseases named above was 1,034 the total death rate being 23.18 in a population of 84,259. The south side had more deaths (sixteen in all) from syphilis, nervous, generative and pregnancy diseases. The explanation in brief of this phenomenon is that people living on the north side of streets spend most of their time in the back rooms of their houses, which are seldom visited by sunlight. It is largely a question of sunlight and ventilation.



A World of Chance—By J. M. Walkworth.

An Act of War That Led to a Heart's Surrender.

DRIP—drip—drip! Slow, slower, persistently, insistently! A young, white face, pierced by two wide-stretched eyes, showed vaguely through the enveloping gloom. A second white face confronted it. A question was asked in a frightened whisper and answered in a whisper that assumed a vain show of courage: "It is only the rain, Kitty, dropping into the stone receiver at the corner of the house. It falls with dreadful precision, though."

"With military precision. It sounds like the marching of a squad."

"They will not march when they come," replied Mattie. "They will stalk out of the darkness by ones and twos, shame-facedly like the thieves in the night that they are. Little glory they will gain by this expedition. Raising a sick woman's room!"

"Perhaps we are making a mountain out of a molehill."

"I don't think we are. It reads straight across a threat. In a low monotone suited to the gloom of their surroundings, she read:

"We are not going away from here without a visit to that room. We do not believe the tale of a sick woman being the only occupant of it. As sworn defenders of the union it is our duty to investigate. We will be on hand promptly at 9 o'clock to-night. This warning is a courtesy to the sex. No need attempt to escape, for, before this reaches your hands, we will have a cordon around your premises through which a mouse could not creep undetected."

"The two girls stole back to their posts in silence and waited. A tall figure loomed suddenly out of the lifting mist and, with regular beat of heavy boots, passed beyond Mattie's gaze, to be swallowed up in the rose branches. It was followed by another, and another, and still another, until mechanically counting them in process-

ion—Mattie made out eight men clad in dark uniforms. They were revolving about the cottage with slow regularity. Would Kitty see them as plainly as she had?

A choked voice she sent a question out into the darkness: "From out of the name of mercy, who are you, and, if you are the brutes who have threatened to raid a sick woman's room, why don't you do it and be done with it?"

A deep, clear voice uttered the one word: "Halt!" The tread of heavily soled feet fell silent. From out of the darkness and the mist came a message of comfort to the trembling girl.

"It is only a Yankee sergeant, young lady, and he is doing what he came here to do. He is guarding this house against some tongs of the brigade whose threats have come to his ears. You can turn in and go to sleep, untroubled."

"Do you mean—mean—that you are here to protect us?" The sound of a woman's voice rose above the "drip, drip" of the rain.

"As I hope God will protect my dear ones in my absence, should danger come near them. One question, please. There is a sick woman in that room, honest, true?"

"As truly as the God whose name you have just invoked hears me. Come and see for yourself. A friendly footfall will not break her slumber."

"Perhaps that would be best. Then the fellows would take my word for it and not molest you. Yes, I will come. So softly the door to the sick room was opened. Once inside Mattie turned to look at her friendly foe. She drew in her breath with a sigh of relief.

"I am not afraid of you. You are a gentleman."

The dark eyes twinkled more merrily. "I have been accused of it before to-night."

Mattie went on hurriedly, like one who found relief in narration:

"They would not believe us, those rude, rough men. We told them that she was very ill. We believe she is slipping away from us and from her troubles. Our poor little Nell, so young, so beautiful, and so happy before she went North to stay with Aunt Catherine and fell in love with there."

The man before her passed at a bound from the stiff attitude of a soldier doing his duty to that of a man palpitating with vivid interest in the narrative so convincingly being poured into his ears. "Do stay with your own family and now, how on earth are we to comply with her wish when we are bottled up more here than in a prison?"

Butler holding one stopper and Grant the other? We might as well all be sealed up in our tombs. Maybe you might find him for us when you and your horrid brigade move north."

"Not utterly impossible. And now, honor me with your name."

"Joseph Logan."

He repeated the name in a joyous shout. Mattie trembled for the girl on the bed. She peered anxiously around the tall screen. Sitting bolt upright in bed, with eager hands stretched toward the screen, was the beautiful sleeper awakened.

"Mattie! Mattie! Did I dream it? Did I dream it, dear? I thought I heard Joseph's voice and it brought back the hunger to live sweet and strong."

Before the words had died upon her lips Joseph Logan was kneeling by her side, folding her fast in his arms.

"Nell! Nell! How could you treat me so meanly? I have been away from you with nothing but that cruel little note. If the good lord had not led me here I should have slipped beyond my hold forever and forever."

"And there are imbeciles," said Mattie, in a low voice, "who call this a world of chance! I must go and tell Kitty!"

CHILDREN BARRED FROM FLATS.

"Pay for Only One Flat."

As the Editor of The Evening World: "I wish to give my views in regard to the question of large and small families. I am the mother of six children, and am happy in the fact. I have had more or less trouble in bringing them up so far, but the greatest trouble I have experienced (which I consider an outrage) is the difficulty in securing decent apartments to bring them up in a proper and healthy way. I have very recently had an experience. I rented a floor from one who poses as a great American and said my deposit, prepared to move in,

and got my furniture on a van. But when the van arrived at the place the landlord would not let me take possession. When I asked the reason he answered me, 'He could not think of letting a family of eight into his rooms,' which left my family without a home in midwinter. No doubt there are many cases similar to mine.

Mrs. J. J. KELLY.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have three small children, and have had the awful experience of looking for rooms. I lived in one house where the landlord came to me and said I must move. I was surprised. I asked the reason. He simply said: 'Well, I cannot rent my other rooms because there are children in the house.' Now, what was I to do? I was compelled to move in bitter weather. And all over wherever you go, the question is: 'How many children?' or 'Have you children?' It's the mean, childless couples that are driving mean landlords to do this. Yours,

Mrs. R.

The Other Side.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I lived in a flat a few months ago where a tenant above me had two children, aged about seven and eight, and any morning after 6 o'clock they would begin to race up and down the flat, pull the furniture all over the house, and make sleep from that hour on impossible. One would think President Roosevelt was on hand with a regiment of soldiers. I had to move. If the American mothers would teach their children obedience and politeness in their homes, matters would not be so unbearable, but from my observation they do not. They are born to grow up like Jones—Yes. He's been lying in wait for it a good many years—Chicago News.

PRETTY AFTERNOON GOWN.



Afternoon gowns of soft, pliable wools are greatly in vogue and always are charming. This stylish model is of canvas velveteen, in soft tan color, with trimming of heavy crepe linen worked in cross stitch with silks in pastel shades of green, blue and pink and drop ornaments. The blouse gives the long shouldered effect and includes the fashionable princess closing.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist 8½ yards 21, 44 yards 27 or 24 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt 19½ yards 21, 9 yards 27 or 44 yards 44 inches wide. Blouse pattern 4311 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 40 inch bust mailed for 10c. Skirt pattern 4244 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inch waist mailed for 10c.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

PATIENCE REWARDED. Smith—I hear Short, the coal man, has come into a large fortune.

Jones—Well, he is entitled to it. Smith—Oh, he is, eh?

Jones—Yes. He's been lying in wait for it a good many years—Chicago News.

LETTING HER DOWN. Miss Kneech—I overheard Big Adagio remark that I had an extraordinary voice.

Miss Peppery—Yes, he did say extra ordinary, and he asked me afterwards if "extra" didn't mean the same as "extraordinary."—Philadelphia Press.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Are Compelled by Law to Do So.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that every child of suitable age in New York is compelled by law to go to school. B says that only those who began must continue. Which is right? ANNIE HAUSER.

Write to Secretary of the Society.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can I get particulars of the prize offered by the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati for an original story adapted to Smith's hymn "American"? COMPOSER.

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